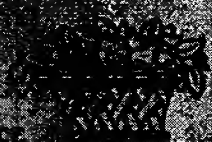


MARCELLE!

WORDS BY
FRANK L. STANTON

MUSIC BY
JAMES BROWNE

5



MEDIUM VOICE

LOW VOICE

THE JOHN GURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO



To Marcelle Stanton

Marcelle!



FRANK L. STANTON

J. LEWIS BROWNE

without dragging

Moderato

There is no sweet-er place to dwell Than

con passione

here, Mar-celle! Could an-gels love you half so well as I, Mar-celle? There's

not in heav'n an an - gel bright Could match your liv - ing eyes of light! God

no retard

grant I'll nev-er say good-night To you, Mar - - celle! What

accel.

sto-ries sweet hath heav'n to tell To you, Mar - celle? What

ech-oes where their an-thems swell, Like yours, Mar-celle? There where Faith_ makes a

gild - - ed dome For all the shel - ter - less that roam, What

like your kiss when I come home, To you, Mar - - celle? _____

accel. *f*

All sor-rows which the day be-fell seem'd faint, Mar-celle? I on-ly knew you loved me well, Mar-

p

Broader

celle, Mar-celle! A cab - in door was home to me, And in your Love's sim-

p

ad lib.

plic - i-ty Earth sweet-er seem'd than heav'n could be, Mar-celle, Mar-

colla voce

Tempo I.

celle! _____ A- gainst God's love I should re- bel If

you, Mar-celle, Should break of Love the mag- ic spell that made Mar-celle! God

would have noth- ing for me there, Where shine His an- gels, crown'd and fair, Save

your bright eyes and gold-en hair, Mar-celle, Mar - - celle! _____